



If Your Able



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Chapter 1 by Adam

Five years after, you still remember the day it happened.

You are flipping through the channels on TV one Saturday, waiting for your pizza to be delivered. On the coffee table sits an open can of soda. You don't remember getting the soda, but you live alone and haven't had anyone over recently, so it must be yours. You take a sip as the doorbell rings. "Pizza delivery for.." the voice pauses "Tom?" You slump off the couch and walk over to the door, still holding the soda.

Chapter 2 by Weirdfriendlessgirl



You open the door to a man with glowing blue eyes.

"What the!" you yell jumping back.

"My eyes I know" he says not at all surprised "It's not my fault that the aliens did this to me".

"Aliens" you take another step back convinced this man is mentally unstable.

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Chapter 3 by Adam



Confused and slightly terrified, you close and lock the door after you. You're not sure if the soda was drugged or not but the pizza was definitely real. Hoping you could forget what happened you go back to the couch only to hear screaming outside, you brush it off as an acid trip and drift to sleep.

Opening your eyes you see the one thing you had hoped not to see. You look at your chest and see a MASSIVE hole in it. "Oh god. That's gonna hurt in the morning." You look to both sides and slowly realize where you were. An extremely white cube with seemingly no entrance or exit, were you dreaming? Even now your still not fully sure if it was or not.

Suddenly, with a flash of light an... entity... entered the room. It was humanoid but was inhuman. Not to be all, basic but theres no other way to explain it. It was DEFINITELY an alien. No doubt about it, it was holding some medical thing.

"Ummm w-what are you doing? Oh god..."

Then My Vision Went black

Chapter 4 by Alexandra



Blackness.

Pain.

Chattering.

How long has it been? Where are you? Are you dead? If so, why does it hurt? The agony and darkness you can get past, but the chattering is what keeps you confused. It sounds like fingernails on a chalkboard, then changes into the reverberation of metal on metal, then back again. What could it be? After awhile you discover a pattern in the noise... It's a language! A horrid language, but a language no less. You attempt to open your eyes, but you cannot feel your body. Do you still have your body?

Suddenly, after what could be hours or seconds, the dull ache that you became accustomed to

recedes to become a sharp, intense pain that turns the obscurity into a blinding, burning light.

Your eyes, or at least the area where your eyes would be, are screaming.

Pain.

Chattering.

Then a voice, a voice that was familiar, but far away, I open my eyes a scream.

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"Welcome Tom. Let us begin."

Chapter 5 by Dan The Man



You panic, and try to locate where the sound was coming from.

It was so much you could do to dart your eyes around; it was no use trying to move your body.

"Begin what?? What the heck is going on?"

The voice, which seemed to come from everywhere, chuckled.

"Is it not obvious? You are to be converted, a being under our control."

"W-what?"

"You need only to relax, Tom. The conversion will only take a moment."

Conversion?

"N-no, wait!"

Your cries went unanswered as you hear the whirring of tools. They were digging into your mind.

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